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*Pinnock's Catechisms of "The Geography of the British Empire. Parts 1, 2, and 3. England, Scotland, and Ireland."*—Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

As the compiler of these very admirably got up little books, has done us the rank injustice of placing us third instead of second in his nine-penny parts, we shall heap coals of fire upon his head, by assuring our public that more comprehensive or useful little publications of their kind, can no where be found; and that besides containing a fund of valuable information, they are embellished in a manner surpassing any of their well-known predecessors, and quite surprising at the price. Each part has a map, an engraved vignette, and numerous woodcuts of remarkable places.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

### *Blackwood's Magazine.*

BLACKWOOD has put forth a better number this month, than any of the three which have preceded it this year, but still we find it far short of what we were once accustomed to meet with in the "first of the Magazines." There was a time, when Wilson, and Lockhart, and Maginn, were regular contributors to this periodical, and when all the young spirits of the land were proud to contribute their choicest efforts to swell the tide of reckless and headlong genius that foamed and flashed along in its pages, but all things come to an end, and so has this. Blackwood is still the "first of the Magazines," but it only keeps a-head by the strenuous exertion of whip and spur, in the dull heavy road, dragging along elaborate imitations of its former self, and no longer bounding away far a-head, rejoicing in its youthful vigour and its conscious pride of superiority, and laughing at his competitors as they lagged behind, ridiculous in their backward distance:

*Tempora mutantur, Blackwood mutatur in illis.*

We know not how it is, but all people fancy themselves much wiser than they used to be, it has become harder to live, and folks have grown more serious, so that there is no one to write the bright jocund banter that used to be written, and the public would, perhaps, not so much relish it, even if it were written. Certainly the bright blaze of genius seems to be rather on the wane in the periodical literature of this country, and no where is the change more evident, than in the pages presided over by the far renowned Christopher North, who, with all his faults, and at all times they were many, did undoubtedly give a tone of vigour, and a hue of genius, to all the Magazines in the day of his strength, as well as to his own, beyond what had been known in the old time before him.

In the present number there is too much politics and too much poetry. The politics are vigorous enough, but rather heavy, and tedious; and the poetry is not much above common-place. The lines by Mr. Thomas Haines Bayly are among the worst we have seen from that gentleman's pen, though we do not plead ignorance of "I'd be a butterfly."

We were considerably disappointed in the *Noctes*. Whenever Blackwood advertises a *Noctes*, one rushes at it, chucking open the leaves with finger and thumb, and disdaining the delay of a paper cutter, because one expects a sensation; but the present *Noctes* is not a happy specimen. It rather reminds one of indifferent claret, a port wine, somewhat sourish, and deficient in body: the spirit of North grows

peevish, and the wit and poetry do not seem to come at his call, as they were wont. But there is a *Noctes*, and every one of course will buy the Magazine and read it.

We must not forget the article entitled "The Port of Venesque, a Scene in the Pyrenees." It is a most eloquent piece of description, and worthy of the best days of this Magazine.

### *The British Magazine.*

THIS periodical, without the lofty pretensions to political and literary distinction put forth by some of its contemporaries, is one of the neatest of the London Magazines; it is also the cheapest, and as a useful family magazine, which is the character to which it aspires, we know of none more deserving of encouragement.

It blends papers of a religious and serious cast, with lighter essays, and sketches, for elegant amusement, and great attention seems to be paid to its arrangement; so that in a short space, a view of the scientific novelties of the day, and of the current literature, is given along with the original essays.

The present number is, perhaps, of rather a graver cast than usual, but what is grave may be read with much advantage, and it is not undiversified with amusement. Mrs. S. C. Hall's little story, entitled "Rose-coloured Curtains," is full of the lively playfulness, and spirit of goodness, which so uniformly distinguish the productions of its amiable author; and the account of the Gypsies, by the author of "Stories of a Bride," is a very interesting sketch. Mr. Pringle's continuation of his South African Sketches, is also a very interesting paper, and both for the spirit in which it is written, and the ability of the descriptions, deserves much praise. We extract a Sonnet with which it concludes:

### THE HOTTENTOT.

Mild, melancholy, and sedate he stands,  
Tending another's flocks, upon the fields,  
His fathers' once, where now the white man builds  
His home; and issues forth his proud commands.  
His dark eye flashes not, his listless hands  
Support the boor's huge firelock—but the shields  
And quivers of his race are gone: he yields,  
Submissively, his freedom and his lands.  
Has he no courage? Once he had—but lo!  
The felon's chain hath worn him to the bone.  
No enterprise? Alas! the brand—the blow—  
Have humbled him to dust—his hope is gone!  
"He's a base-hearted hound, not worth his food,"  
His master cries—"he has no gratitude!"

*London University Magazine*, for April. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

This periodical, we are happy to find, proceeds as it began; with the same talent and consistency. Conscious as we are of the great emulation with which "the pupils" contribute to its pages, we should be very delicate in selecting any particular article in the present number for our special approval; we merely notice the work to show that we are attentive to its progress, and that its merits, when particularly excellent, shall not escape us. *En passant*, we would pray the editor to keep a steady rein upon his merry-men; his clowns, who laugh themselves "in order to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too." The life and soul of wit, with some people, is exaggeration—deliberate orientalism; strip them of this essential attribute, and their virtue is extinct. The possibility of such an exposure should be cautiously guarded against. The "secret history" of the L. U. M. would form a most interesting article, we have no doubt, if compiled by the *humorous* correspondent who subscribes himself N.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### LADY'S LETTER.

London, April 14, 1830.

What an immensity of pains you take, Mr. Editor, to convince those who have the advantage of perusing your delightful Gazette, that you are *not* answerable for the feelings, habits, manners, and opinions of your *valuable* correspondents. Mercy me! who ever fancied you were? From the extreme *caution* of your disposition, (did not your affectionate enthusiasm for all that is Irish tell plainly the contrary,) you would have been set down as a Scot. But poor fellow! during the first year we look upon you as only in your novitiate; and in consideration of the extraordinary taste and judgment you have displayed in your editorial capacity, we pardon and pity your nervous sensibility.

London has been as full and as bustling as it can possibly be; but now Easter is come, and almost gone, it will be more *recherché*. The opera and promenades will next week display unrivalled beauty and fashion; and the leaders of ton, and it is fervently to be hoped the leaders of politics, will acquire fresh vigour from the long recess. Of course you have heard of the disgraceful squabbles in the Literary Union—but have you heard of the L. U. button? Bless you, gentle Sir, the design of the L. U. button, and the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, have occupied the entire attention of the worthy president of the porcupine tribe—the literati of this literary metropolis!

There has been also a gathering of the *clan* of the *Campbells* in Scotland yard, and a glorious gathering it was—rank, talent, and beauty! The host did the honours à merveille; and the lions, amongst whom we recognized Lytton Bulmer, Leicester Stanhope, Washington Irvine, Allan Cunningham, Fanny Kemble, the dons of the Royal Academy, and a host of others, were quite approachable, and as gentle as lambs. The editor of "the London Literary Gazette" had also a brilliant party at his house at Brompton the other night; it is needless to add, that much talent was congregated there, and that his lovely daughters were, as usual, the stars which "mortals gaze on, and adore."

Martin, the artist, a man as much beloved by a numerous and respectable circle of friends, as he is admired by all who value powerful and original genius, assembles at his house once a month, all that is distinguished in art and literature: his parties are truly delightful, and it is no little treat to see a man so known to fame, so favoured by fortune, perfectly unspoiled, surrounded by the most beautiful children, to whom he is tenderly attached, and performing all the duties of life with honourable and kindly exactness.

Thomas Moore, your own bard, who has devoted the energies of his richly-stored mind to the service of his beloved country, seemed much gratified there the other evening. His Byron has made him more popular than ever. You have, however, heard of the war between him and the bard of hope. You see that the literary world *here* do not pass all their time in poring over musty folios, or in soiling bath post with their lucubrations. No such thing; they dance and sing; and it is gratifying to observe, that the rust with which that tribe was